





THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

E. EATON, Proprietor. J. E. HOLMES, Editor.

AUGUSTA:

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1850.

Festival at Mt. Vernon.

PRESENTATION OF A SILVER PITCHER TO R. B. DUNN, Esq. One of the most lovely May mornings of the season showed itself on the 8th inst. The sun shone out as brightly and joyously as if he himself were glad to have one more clear view of the earth, and the soft and balmy breeze came tripping along gently from the south, seemingly desirous to fan old Sol into a pleasant mood, and keep up his good nature. On that morning, travellers on the road from Mt. Vernon Village to Kent's Hill in this State, in addition to the beauty of mountain and water scenery, which ever and anon breaks upon the view, met a large procession, consisting of some twenty carriages, and more than one hundred healthy, hearty, happy men, while their ears were greeted occasionally with strains of music, stealing over the stillness of the landscape, and waking up the echoes of the hills and the glens, until it melted gradually away and lost itself in the distance. It was quite exciting, and as the procession wound its way over the hills and along the valleys on the route, the wondering schoolboy paused in his steps, anxiously wishing he could make one of the company; the ploughman stopped his team in the furrow, and wished them a happy day; and the good wife and bonny daughters in the farm-houses crowded to the doors and windows, and cheered them on by their approving smiles. What was the meaning of this grand turn out? They were the workmen of the North Wayne and Fayette Seythe Factories. They had laid down the hammer, thrown aside the leather apron, wiped the dust and sweat from their brows, and had come forth in one body, like a "band of brothers," to enjoy a holiday, and were then "en route" to Mt. Vernon Village, where arrangements had been made with that price of Temperance Landlords, friend Blossom, and the citizens of that place, to have a "fete," in honor of their old employer, Reuben B. Dunn, Esq., and present to him a superb silver pitcher as a token of their respect and esteem for him. As they approached the village, a salute of cannon was given them by the villagers, and on alighting, a large procession was formed, which proceeded, under the direction of Messrs. Taylor and Frohock, to the meeting house.

An appropriate and eloquent prayer was offered up by Rev. Mr. Randall, and after an admirable performance by the choir, Mr. Dunn arose and delivered an address to the audience. It was an excellent, practical discourse. He gave a brief history of the establishment, of its feeble condition in the outset—the labors and discouragements it had encountered in its progress—its final success and prosperity, rising from its humble and feeble origin to be the largest establishment of the kind in the world. He attributed the causes of all this to persevering industry, faithful agents, confiding, painstaking operatives, practical temperance and a trust in God.

After Mr. Dunn had finished, the marshal called for remarks from the friends present, and the people were addressed by Messrs. Yates, of the Gardiner Fountain; Holmes, of the Maine Farmer; Rev. Mr. Randall, of North Wayne; N. Smith, Esq., of Mt. Vernon; and E. Giles, Esq., of North Wayne; and was a sprinkling of poetry, by some one, we believe it was Mr. Cram. The choir also contributed a rich share to the entertainment under the lead of Messrs. Brett & Reed.

Then came the presentation. The Pitcher was a large silver one, richly decorated, purchased by the employees of the North Wayne Seythe Factory Company, and bearing this inscription: "Presented to R. B. Dunn, Esq., by the employees of the North Wayne Seythe Factory Company, May 15, 1850." This interesting part of the ceremony was performed by E. Giles, of the North Wayne Company, who, in a very eloquent and feeling address, presented it in behalf of his fellow operatives: to which Mr. Dunn answered with much emotion. He presented the corporation with a thousand dollars of the stock, for the purpose of establishing a library for the benefit of the operatives.

The procession then again formed and proceeded to the hotel, where they sat down to an excellent collation, prepared with Blosom's usual skill and good taste in such matters, and the time, enlivened by music and witty sentiments and short speeches, passed away in a most agreeable manner. Indeed, we have never seen on any occasion, or in any place, a festival so full of harmony and social feeling, where all were pleased and none were sad.

We hope to be able to give the addresses and most of the sentiments in our next.

PEAKS OF LIGHTNING. During the thunder storm of last week, considerable damage was done, in various places in this State, by the electric fluid. In addition to the two instances mentioned last week, a school house on the Thompson road was struck by lightning, and considerably shattered.

In Portland, the dwelling house of Mr. Rufus Jordan was struck, and a daughter of Mr. J. was seriously though not dangerously injured. A barn in the same neighborhood was somewhat damaged, and a large tree was ripped to pieces. The men were standing in the street near the shop, and were knocked down and stunned. In Dover, Me., the lightning struck in several places, and injured two or three buildings. The Belfast Signal says: "The lightning is said to have played merrily about the Telegraph office. The wires across the bridge were melted off, and several of the posts on the east side of the river were struck by lightning." The Bath Tribune says that the house of W. Simpson, in the western part of Brunswick, had over one hundred panes of glass broken; a lady sitting at the window was stunned, and a child was knocked from a chair. In one place on the road, eleven out of twelve telegraph posts were shivered to pieces, and several of them entirely prostrated to the ground.

IRON BRIDGE. An iron railroad bridge has just been thrown over the Savannah River, near Charlottesville, Va. It is to be tested by running a train over it of 150 tons.

California Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 30, 1850.

FRIEND EATON.—We have at last been permitted to set foot in San Francisco, California; and as your readers may wish to know something of our doings since we left Rio Janeiro, I take the liberty to communicate some of the items that have contributed to make up our "Bill of fare," since that time; and close with a brief account of matters, as they strike the eye, &c., in this region.

We sailed from Rio Janeiro, Dec. 24, and had a fine run to latitude 24 20 N., longitude 44 50 W., Dec. 25th, when we encountered a severe gale from the North-east, which continued to the afternoon of Dec. 27th. Again, Dec. 28th, we had another gale from the South-west. The following is an extract from my journal of that date: "About 4 o'clock P. M., as we had expected, the wind veered suddenly into the South-west, and we were soon almost engulfed in the sea, which ran very high. The tempest was more severe than anything we have before experienced. Our bark was soon 'lying-to,' under a close-reefed main-sail, and here we lay for sixteen hours—the vessel rearing and plunging, and taking in the seas, over bows, amidships, and over the quarter, and before the water could make its way out of the scuppers, taking in a fresh supply. There were thirty-two of us packed in the cabin, (from which all light was excluded, to keep out the seas,) like so many herrings, and then, to add to our discomfort, a chest or trunk, and sometimes a passenger, would break from their moorings and be precipitated from side to side of the cabin, warning us to keep out of the way of such commodities."

Wednesday, Dec. 12th. Mr. Kallach addressed us under the subject of temperance. A pledge was then presented to which a large majority of the passengers and crew have affixed their names. The Society called "The South Atlantic Temperance Society," Ralph Butler, President; U. L. Pettigill, Secretary. January 1st, 1850. Lat. 49 40 South, longitude 62 55 West, we spoke the brig Arcturion, of Brewster, from Boston for California, sixty-five days out—all well. She had made the passage thus far in twenty-nine days less time than the James A. Thompson. Jan. 13. Lat. 57 29 South, longitude 65 18 West, we found our compass so unsteady that the Captain ordered it removed, and a heavier one put in its place. This was attributed to our high southern latitude. Our days there were seventeen hours long, and a person could see to read all night, (if fair,) without a candle, as I proved by experiment. Jan. 21. We had a very fine run from the Falkland Islands, round "Old Cape Horn." Jan. 31. We spoke the Roger Sherman of Bath, Maine, from Antwerp, 110 days out, bound to California; fifteen passengers—all well; cargo assorted.—Feb. 1. We spoke the ship London, from Liverpool, 110 days out; twenty passengers—all well—assorted cargo, among other things, eighty well-assorted eggs, among other things, the cost of the largest being five hundred pounds sterling. They came on board of us. Seventy-one days out they spoke the bark Midas, of Thompson, for California—all well. They had likewise the Mary Mitchell, of Fall River, for California; they had sickness on board, to some extent. These gentlemen observed that there was but little excitement in Europe about California; they being only the fifth vessel.

Feb. 23, 11 P. M. We cast anchor in the harbor (if harbor it can be called) of Valparaiso; sixty-two days from Rio Janeiro. For a description of the place, see "Light and Shadows of a Sailor's Life." The harbor is very much exposed to the winds from North-west to South-east, and besides this, the winds come down from the mountains in the vicinity, almost every afternoon, and sometimes with great violence, and we had all we could do to keep from going to sea, and to keep others in the same condition of us. There were many vessels there bound to California. The following were among the number, viz: Mary Mitchell, Gold Hunter, Cordova, Chester, Spartacus, London, Homer, Orpheus, Stephen Baldwin, (knocked down off Cape Horn, and much damaged.) John Storey, Julius, Sarah Watson and others. The Anna E. Maine and Hampton had been gone more than twenty days. We sailed from Valparaiso on the 7th of February.

We have had a very pleasant and comparatively short passage from Valparaiso to San Francisco, 1850." This interesting part of the ceremony was performed by E. Giles, of the North Wayne Company, who, in a very eloquent and feeling address, presented it in behalf of his fellow operatives: to which Mr. Dunn answered with much emotion. He presented the corporation with a thousand dollars of the stock, for the purpose of establishing a library for the benefit of the operatives.

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DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

MONDAY, MAY 6.

SENATE. Mr. King was elected to preside over the Senate during the absence of Mr. Willoughby. Mr. Elmore, who was appointed by the Governor of South Carolina to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John C. Calhoun, appeared, and after his credentials were presented, took his seat. On motion of Mr. Pickens of South Carolina, the bill amending the act in relation to the Deficiency Bill amendments were referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Stanley offered a resolution directing inquiries relative to the doings of several persons connected with the Department of War at Washington at the time of the late Presidential election.

TUESDAY, MAY 7.
Gov. Hubbard. The inauguration of Gov. Hubbard took place on Monday, and he delivered his Message, in person, before a convention of both branches of the Legislature on Tuesday last. We were not able to obtain a copy in season for our paper. We were present when he delivered it. He discussed several topics in a clear, concise manner, and was warmly and frankly applauded his views and his reasons therefor. He will find that many of his sentiments will meet a hearty response from the people and some of them be heartily opposed, and he will also find before his official term expires that an honest Governor is "like a rose between two nettles," doomed to be admired and stung and stung and admired as long as he retains that position.

Another Vassalboro' Vessel. We believe the good old town of Vassalboro' is getting her name up for building first-rate vessels. We noticed a beautiful vessel which came down to this city the other day, and which now lies on the East side of the river, to be rigged. She is a bark of two hundred and sixteen tons built, called Angelina B. Sturgis, and was built in the strongest and latest style of construction, and is a top-sail schooner. She is owned by J. D. and J. S. Sturgis; Joseph Richardson, master builder. She is one hundred and one feet long, twenty-four feet breadth of beam, and ten feet depth of hold. She is to be commanded by Capt. John D. Carlisle. We are not informed for what particular trade she is designed, but she cannot fail to do good service wherever the enterprise of her owners and commander may conclude to send her.

THE PARKER MURDER. The Wentworths, who were arrested and examined last fall at Saco, on suspicion of being concerned in the atrocious murder of Jonas L. Parker, in Manchester, five years ago, have again been arrested, and are undergoing an examination in Berwick. New evidence has been obtained. This examination is preliminary, only—merely to see if a commitment should be made. Should they be committed, a final trial will be held, when we shall endeavor to give a condensed report of the case.

FIRE IN AUGUSTA. On Wednesday forenoon, at last week, the "New England House," or old "Fish Tavern," took fire from the chimney, and the upper portion of the building was destroyed. The engines were on the ground in good season, and the flames were thus arrested. The building belonged to the Railroad Company, and was occupied by several Irish families.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week, we are under the necessity of leaving out several communications and other articles which had been prepared for this number.

Gathered News Fragments, &c.

Freshets. The late rains have caused great damage in various places, in consequence of the unusual rise of water. In Massachusetts, the loss of property has been very great. The rise in the Connecticut river, on Tuesday evening of last week, was nearly twenty feet above low water mark. Near Windsor Locks, Ct., a lady and horse were drowned. We hear of various other accidents, some of them attended with loss of life, in connection with the freshets in the neighboring States.

Patent Office Report. The second part of this report has been communicated to Congress. It is devoted exclusively to the great and growing interests of agriculture, and contains many valuable and interesting articles.

The Belle of the West. The recent fire on the steamer Belle of the West, is supposed to have originated from a box of locomotive matches in the hold. About eighty lives were lost.

United States Revenue. The revenue of the U. S. Government for the present fiscal year, it is said, will reach forty-three millions more than the Secretary of the Treasury supposed it would be.

Industrial Exhibition. The London Literary Gazette states that it has been proposed by the United States Government that the Industrial Exhibition shall, after its close there, be removed to New York.

Negro Colonization. The bill which has been introduced by the Virginia House, appropriating \$200,000 per annum for the colonization of the negroes of that State in Africa, is now a law, having passed the Senate with an amendment which imposes an annual tax of one dollar upon every male free negro in the State, between 21 and 50 years.

Agricultural Bureau. A bill has been reported to the Senate, from the committee on Agriculture, providing for the establishment of an Agricultural Bureau, as follows:—"A Commissioner, with a salary of \$3,000 a year; a Chemist, with \$2,000 a year; a Secretary, with \$1,600; a Recording Clerk, with \$1,000, and a Messenger, with \$700."

Cholera. The Indiana State Sentinel states as a fact, that the cholera season has attacked the cabin passengers on the rivers, and that, almost without exception, the deck passengers have been exempt.

Quarantine at St. Louis. A quarantine has been established at Arsenal Island, St. Louis. There were a few cases of cholera on the 7th.

New Post Office. A new post has lately been established at Round Pound, Lincoln County, and Parker Means, Esq., appointed Postmaster.

Church burnt. The Universalist church in Bridgeport, Ct., was entirely destroyed by fire on the evening of the 24 inst. The building was erected about three years since at a cost of \$4,500, and was partially insured. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

Destructive Fire. A despatch from Buffalo, in the N. Y. Herald, says the town of Milan, Ohio, was nearly destroyed by fire on the 5th. Milan is a flourishing town of about 1800 or 2000 inhabitants.

Suspension. Nearly every iron furnace and mill in the State of Maryland has stopped operations, and the cotton factories have come to the determination to work only half the time after May 1st.

We have been there, and speak from a knowledge of facts. That G. M. Atwood's Bookstore, in Gardiner, is a choice place to purchase Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Medicines, &c. See Advertisement.

Fire. A large tobacco store, and warehouse, was destroyed by fire at Owosso, Ky., on the 29th ult. The entire contents of tobacco, amounting to \$70,000, all lost. Insurance \$25,000.

LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

COMPILED FROM THE REPORTS IN THE THIRTY-SEVENTH AG.

SENATE. The Senate was organized by the choice of Hon. Thomas M. Morrow, of Waldo, President; Albert H. Small, Secretary; and Frederick E. Shaw, Assistant Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Pickens of South Carolina, ordered, that the Senate hold one session a day, commencing at ten o'clock, until otherwise ordered.

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The rules and orders of the last session were adopted until further notice.

Ordered, That the session commence at 10 A. M., except Mondays, when the hour shall be 11.

THURSDAY, MAY 9.
SENATE. The Secretary of State came in with message from the Governor, returning to the Senate an act passed last session, entitled "an act to amend the eighty-third chapter of the Statutes of 1845," which was laid on the table.

Mr. Hubbs, of Oxford, introduced an order, that the several Clergy of Augusta, be invited to officiate in rotation, as chaplains of the Senate, until otherwise ordered.

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Twenty-five other persons, one each. And John Hubbard, having 1581 votes more than all the others, is elected Governor. The votes of Flaggstaff plantation were rejected as grossly informal. Report accepted.

HOUSE. The Speaker announced the committee on County Estimates, as follows: Messrs. Russell, Hayward, Gayland, and W. F. Leach of Penobscot; McIntyre of Cushing; Henry of Whitefield; Long of Surry, and Ford of Minot.

In convention of the two Houses the Senators and Representatives were divided as follows: Second District, Ephraim Sullivan and Geo. F. Shepley were elected. Eighth District, Geo. M. Chase was elected. Twelfth District, Eleazer Crocker and Anselmus M. Foster were elected. And in the Fourteenth District, Robert A. Chapman was elected.

SATURDAY, MAY 11.
SENATE. The Senators elected yesterday filled the vacancies being in attendance. Mr. Cary was appointed to accompany them to the Council Chamber to take and subscribe the oath of office.

The President of the Senate, Mr. Morrow, gave notice, that in accordance with his intention expressed at the time of his election, the Senate would adjourn on Friday next at ten o'clock, to the adjournment of the Senate to-day.

HOUSE. The Committee on Pay Roll was announced, as follows: Messrs. Mitchell of Kennebec; Rogers of Windham; Wiggins of Sieton; and Messrs. B. B. and W. H. Daniels of Harrison; Barnham of Lincoln.

The Committee on Elections was announced as follows: Messrs. Talbot of Lubec, Cochran of Waldo; Sewall of Oldtown; Martin of Poland; and Messrs. B. B. and W. H. Daniels of Harrison; Barnham of Lincoln.

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Whole number of votes 30
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Paulina M. Foster has 16
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Mr. Chase of Washington introduced an order "that the Senate will not consider the question of assigning a day for the election of a Senator to represent in part the State of Maine in the next Congress of the United States, before the 20th day of June next, and no action in concurrence or otherwise, shall be entertained by the Senate before that day." After some discussion, the order passed. Yes 20; aye 11.

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SENATE. The Senate was organized by the choice of Hon. Thomas M. Morrow, of Waldo, President; Albert H. Small, Secretary; and Frederick E. Shaw, Assistant Secretary.

On motion of Mr. Pickens of South Carolina, ordered, that the Senate hold one session a day, commencing at ten o'clock, until otherwise ordered.

HOUSE. The House was organized by the choice of Samuel Belcher, of Farmington, Speaker; and E. W. Flagg, Clerk. Benj. B. Thomas, of Newburg, was elected Messager, and Rev. Charles F. Allen, of Augusta, Chaplain.

The rules and orders of the last session were adopted until further notice.

Ordered, That the session commence at 10 A. M., except Mondays, when the hour shall be 11.

THURSDAY, MAY 9.
SENATE. The Secretary of State came in with message from the Governor, returning to the Senate an act passed last session

The Muse.

THE KNIGHT RIDING OVER LAKE CONSTANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The Lake of Constance, situated upon the borders of Germany and Switzerland, is the largest Lake in these two countries, being sixteen leagues in length, four in width, and three hundred and fifty fathoms in depth. It is but very seldom known to be entirely frozen over. On one, and as the narrative is, the first occasion, a Knight unconsciously rode over it. Being informed of the fact, he was so overcome that he fell dead from his horse. This incident occurred in 1685.

Over the lake rode the Knight, on his clearest way—
On the snow-field glimmers the sun's bright ray—
He travels with toil o'er the cold snow—
Fate with him to-day is the least of his care!
And soon with his horse, in the least of his light,
The breezes must wait him ere gloomy night.
On his slippery way, o'er the snow and ice,
They fly—his mettlesome horse and he, alone.
From the hill into the level land,
He sees the snow lying smooth like a bed.
Behind him far, vanish village and tree,
The way becomes even, the path becomes free.
There appear in the distance, he sees him and not,
The city, the rocks, he can tell not—
One, two miles lies he on, as if in a dream,
In the air he hears the wild and hoarse scream;
There flutters the water-fowl far and near,
Not another sound meets his longing ear.
No traveler's foot meets his searching eye,
Pointing out to him where his way lies.
With velocity upon the snow goes he,
But where near the shore, where open lies the sea!
The evening snow breaks, how soon it is here!
And a lustre from distant lights appears.
Now from the mist rises far and near,
A hill-bound prospect clear can be seen;
Upon the ground, stone and forest are in sight;
Then speeds he onward the flaming steel's light.
Before him and round him the fierce dogs bark,
The wind whistles loud, the snow is dark.
"Come to the window, fair maid, and tell me,
To the lake—the lake—how far it may be!"
Said she to the knight, with wondering gaze,
"The boat and the ice are behind the lake—
If a trail of ice did not close it o'er,
I should say that you were just from the shore."
The stranger shuddered, he heaved with pain,
Said he, "I rode hither o'er yonder plain."
Then extended the maiden her arm as to God!
Holy Father! o'er the lake thou hast led!
Thy and charger's hoof at the door did leap,
The door of the gulf, the bottomless deep.
Did not the water roar 'neath thee so rash!
Did not the ice break with a crash!
And was not the ice of the silent brook
Of the hungry lake, in the frosty brook?
She raised the village to hear the account,
The children stammered round about;
The mothers all sigh, now collected say,
"Call thyself a knight, thy reason to-day!"
Come in to the fire, from the steaming bowl
Refresh thy body and strengthen thy soul!
The rider faints upon his horse—they fall—
Only the first words did he hear of all!
His hair stands erect, his heart stops beating,
Close by him now the awful gulf is floating.
He faces his eye on the ghastly abyss,
Black horror rises in his brain like this:
It thunders in his ear like an iceberg's crash,
Cold, clammy waves like waves over him rush!
He sighs, sighs, as he thinks, under the wave,
He has reached the shore in the deep, cold grave.

The Story-Teller.

A GALE IN THE CHANNEL.

BY CHARLES F. PETERSON.

It was on a sunny day in the winter of 1850, that we dropped down the Mersey and took our leave of Liverpool. Our vessel was a new ship of seven hundred tons, and as she spread, one after another, her folds of white canvas to the breeze, I thought I had never seen a more beautiful sight. The sea around was lively and inspiring. Immense craft of all sizes covered the waters far and near, here, a large merchantman moving like a stately swan, there a light yacht skimming along with the swiftness of a swallow. The sunlight sparkled and danced on the billows; the receding coast grew more picturesque as we left it astern; and the blue expanse of the Irish channel stretched away in front until lost in a thin haze on the opposite horizon.

I had been reading below for several hours, but towards midnight went on deck again. How I started at the change! It was yet an hour to sunset, but the luminary of day was already hidden in a thick bank of clouds, that stretched ominously along the western seaboard. The wind had increased to a smart gale, and was laden with moisture. The billows increased in size every minute, and were whitening with foam far and near.

Occasionally as a roller struck the ship's bows, the white spray flew crackling over the fore-castle and sometimes even shot into the top; on these occasions a forbidding, melancholy sound, like the groan of some huge animal in pain, issued from the thousand timbers of the vessel. Already, in anticipation of the rising tempest, the canvas had been reduced, and we were now heading toward the Irish coast under reefed top-sails, courses, spankers and jib.

"I rough night in prospect, Jack!" I said, addressing an old tar beside me.

"You may well say that, sir," he replied. "It's bad on the Norway coast in December, but both are nothing to a gale in the channel here," he added, as a sudden whirl of the tempest covered us with spray.

"I wish we had more sea room," I answered musingly.

"Ay! I'd give the wages of the voyage, if we had. How happy you all seemed in the cabin, sir, the ladies especially, an hour ago—I suppose it is because we are going home—ah! little did any of us think," he added, with a seriousness and in a language uncommon for a sailor, "that we might be bound to another and a last home which we should behold first."

At this moment the captain shouted to shorten sail, and our conversation was of necessity cut short. The ship, I thought to have said, had been laid close to the wind, in order to claw off the English coast, to which we were in dangerous proximity, and as the gale increased, the heavy press of canvas pressing her down into the water, she struggled and strained frightfully. While the crew were at work I walked forward. The billows, now increased to a gigantic size, came rolling down upon us one after another, with such rapidity that our good craft scarcely recovered from one before another was upon her. Each time she struck a head-sea she would stagger an instant, quivering in every timber, while the crest of the shattered wave would shoot to the fore, like the jet of a fountain; then, the vast surge sinking away beneath her, she would start, groaning, into the trough of the sea, until another billow lifted her, another surge thundered against her bows, another shower of foam flew over her. Now and then, when a more colossal wave than usual was approaching, the cry, "hold on all!" rang warningly across the decks. At such times, the vast hollow would approach, it threatened to engulf us; but, just when we seemed over, our gallant ship would spring forward to meet, like a steed started by the spur, and the mountain of waters would break over and around us, hissing, roaring and flashing by, and then sinking into the apparently bottomless gulf beneath us.

Meanwhile the decks were resounding with the tread of the sailors, as they hurried to and fro in obedience to the captain's orders; while the rattling of blocks, the shouts of command, and the quick replies of the seamen, rose over the uproar of the storm.

"Let go bowlines," cried the stentorian voice of the captain, "ease off the tack—haul on the weather-braces."

Away went the huge sail in obedience to the order.

"Ease off the sheet—haul up to lee!" The crew redoubled their quickness, and soon the immense courses were stowed. In a few minutes the ship's canvas was reduced to reefed top-sails, spanker, and fore-topmast staysail. By this time evening had set in, though the long twilight of that latitude prolonged a sickly radiance.

But even this contraction of sail was not sufficient. The thick duck tugged at the yards, as if it would snap them in two. Every moment I expected to see the spanker go.

"We must take in that sail," said the captain, finally, "or she will tear herself to pieces. All hands, in to the spanker!"

In an instant the men were struggling with the huge sheets of canvas; and never before had I been so forcibly impressed with the power and usefulness of discipline. In an incredible short interval the gigantic sail, notwithstanding its struggles, was got under control, and safely stowed.

The ship now labored less for a while; but as the storm increased, she groaned and struggled as before. The captain saw it would not do to carry the little sail now remaining, for under the tremendous strain, the canvas might be continually expected to be blown from the bolt-ropes.

And yet her sole hope lay in crowding every stitch, in order to claw off the English coast! The sailor will understand this at a word, but to a landsman it may require explanation.

Our danger, then, consisted in having insufficient sea room. If we had been on the broad Atlantic, with a hundred or two miles of ocean all around us, we could have lain-to under some bit of a head-sail, or fore-topmast staysail for instance, or a reefed foresail. But when a vessel lies-to, or is reefed foresail. But when a vessel lies-to, or is reefed foresail. But when a vessel lies-to, or is reefed foresail.

In other words faces the quarter whence the wind comes, with only enough canvas to steer her by, she necessarily drifts considerably, and in a line of motion diagonal to her keel. This is called making leeway. Most ships, when lying-to in a gale, drift very rapidly, sometimes hundreds of miles if the tempest is protracted. It is for this reason that a vessel in a narrow channel does not lie-to, for a few miles of leeway would wreck her on the neighboring coast.

The only resource, in such a case, is to carry a press of sail, and head in the direction whence the wind comes, but not near so close to it as in lying-to. This is called clawing off a lee shore. A constant struggle is maintained between the waves, which set the vessel in the same track they are going themselves, and the wind, which urges her on the opposite course. If the canvas holds, and the ship is not too close to the shore under her lee, she escapes; if the sails part, she drives upon the fatal coast before we can get her up and bent. Frequently in such cases the struggle is protracted for hours. It is a noble, yet harrowing spectacle to see a gallant ship thus contending for her life, as if an animated creature breathing surge, after surge, too often in vain, panting, trembling and battling till the very last.

The captain did not appear satisfied with taking in the spanker; indeed, all feared that the ship could not carry that sail was left. Accordingly, he ordered the top-sails to be close-reefed. Yet even after this, the vessel tore through the waters as if every moment she would jerk her masts out. The wind had now increased to a perfect hurricane. It shrieked, howled and roared around us as if a thousand fiends were abroad on the blast.

In moments of extreme peril sailors naturally gather together, as if by some secret instinct. It was in this way that the captain suddenly found himself surrounded by the crew, who had been conversing with him in the early part of the evening, and who, it appeared, was one of the oldest and best seamen in the ship.

The captain stood by the main's side a full minute without speaking, looking at the wild waves that, like hungry wolves, came trooping down toward us.

"How far are we from the coast?" he said at last.

"Perhaps five miles, perhaps three, sir," quietly replied the man.

"And we have a long run to make before we get sea-room," said the captain.

"We shall all be in eternity before morning," answered the man, solemnly.

The captain paused a moment, when he replied—

"Our only hope is in the top-sail-clews—if they give way, we are indeed lost—God help us!"

"Amen!" I answered involuntarily.

Silence now ensued, though none of us changed our positions. For myself, I was occupied with thinking of the female passengers, some, perhaps, to be the prey of the wild waters. Every moment it seemed as if the top-sails would give way, and strain so frightfully. It was impossible to stand up to the full force of the gale. So we sheltered ourselves in the waist as we best could. The wind as well as spray, however, reached us even here, though in diminished violence, the latter striking the face like shot thrown against it. It seemed to me, each minute, as if we made more leeway. At last, after half an hour's suspense, I heard the ship breaking, with a noise like thunder, on the iron-bound coast to the eastward. Again and again I listened, and each time the awful sound became more distinct. I did not mention my fears, however, for I still thought I might be mistaken. Suddenly the captain looked up.

"Hark!" he said.

He stood with his finger raised in the attitude of one listening intently, his eyes fixed on the face of the old sailor.

"It is the sound of breakers," said the seaman.

"Breakers on the lee-quarter!" cried the look-out at this instant, his hoarse voice sounding ominously across the night.

"Breakers on the lee-beam!" answered another.

"Breakers on the lee-bow!" echoed a third. All eyes peered immediately into the darkness. A long line of foam was plainly visible, skirting quite round the horizon to leeward.

"God have mercy on our souls!" I involuntarily ejaculated.

The captain sprang to the wheel, his eyes flashing, his whole frame dilated—for he had taken a sudden and desperate resolution. He saw that, if no effort was made, we should be among the breakers in twenty minutes; but if the mainmast could be set, and made to hold for half an hour, we might yet escape. There were nine chances to one that she would split the instant it was spread, and in a less terrible emergency he would have shrunk from the experiment; but it was now our only hope.

"Keep her to it!" he shouted; "keep her well up. All hands to set the main-course!"

Fortunately we were strong-handed, so that it would not be necessary to carry the tack to the windward, notwithstanding the gale. A portion of the crew sprang to man this important rope;

the remainder hurried up the rigging, almost disappearing in the gloom overhead.

In less than a minute the huge sail fell from the yard, like a gigantic puff of white smoke blown from the top. It struggled and whipped terribly, but the good ropes held fast.

"Brace up the yard—haul out the bow-line!" thundered the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and it was done.

"Haul all!"

The men ran off with the line, and the immense sheet came to its place.

This is the critical moment. The ship feeling the additional propulsion, made a headlong plunge. I held my breath. I expected nothing less than to see the heavy duck blown from the yard like a gossamer; but the strong fabric held fast, though straining awfully.

"She comes up, don't she?" interrogated the captain of the man at the helm.

"Ay, ay, sir—she does!"

"How much?"

"Two points, sir!"

"If she holds for half an hour," ejaculated the captain, "we may yet be saved."

On rushed the noble ship, seeming to know how much depended on her. She met the billows, she rose above them, she struggled perseveringly forward. In five minutes the breakers were visibly receding.

But hope had been given only to delude us. Suddenly I heard a crash, sharper than an explosion of thunder, and simultaneously the course parted from its fastenings, and sailed away to leeward, like a white cloud driven down the gale.

A cry of horror rose from all. "It is over!" I cried and looked round for a plank, intending to lash myself to it, in anticipation of the moment for striking.

When the course fell overboard, the head of the ship fell off immediately; and now the wild breakers tumbled and roared closer at hand, each moment.

Suddenly the captain seized my arm, for we were holding on almost side by side.

"Ha!" he cried, "is not that dark water yonder?"

I looked in the direction to which he referred. Unless my eyes deceived me, the long line of breakers came in at an abrupt termination there, as if the shore curved inward at that point.

"You are right—there is a deep bay ahead," I cried joyfully. "Look! you can see the surf whitening around the cape!"

The whole crew simultaneously detected this new chance of escape. Though unable to be so near to the wind as before, there still a prospect that we should clear the promontory. Accordingly, the next few minutes were passed in breathless suspense. Not a word was spoken on board. Every eye was fixed on that rocky headland, around which the waters boiled as in the vortex of a maelstrom.

The ship seemed conscious of the general feeling, and struggled, I thought, most desperately than ever. She heaved the huge billows with gallant perseverance, and though each one set her nearer to the shore, she met the next wave with the same stubborn resolution. Nearer, nearer, nearer, we drifted towards the fatal cape. I could now almost touch a biscuit into the breakers.

I had noticed a gigantic roller coming for some time, but had hoped that we might catch the cape before it reached us. I now saw the wave was in vain. Towering and towering the huge wave approached, its dark side almost a perpendicular wall of waters.

"Hold on all!" thundered the captain.

Down it came! For an instant its dark summit hovered overhead, and then, with a roar like ten thousand cataraacts, it poured over us. The ship was swept before it like a feather on a gale. With the waters flashing and hissing over the decks, and whirling in wild eddies under our lee, we drove in the direction of the cape. I held my breath in awe. A strong man might almost have leaped on the extreme point of the promontory. My eyes shuddered. The next instant a hurrah met my ear. I looked up. We had shot by the cape, and miles of dark waters were before us. An old tar beside me had given vent to the cheer.

"By the Lord!" he said, "but that was close scraping, sir. Another such would have cracked the hull like an egg-shell. But this craft was 'made good to Davy Jones' locker!"

And with all the coolness imaginable, he took off a huge piece of pig-tail, leisurely twisted off a bit, and began chewing it, as much composed as if nothing unusual had happened.

A year ago, when in New York, I met the captain again, unexpectedly, at the Astor. We dined together, when I took occasion to ask him if he remembered our winter night's experience in the Irish Channel ten years before.

"Ay!" he said. "And do you know that, when I went out to Liverpool on my next trip, I heard that search had been made all along the coast for the fragments of our ship. The escape was considered miraculous."

"Sir," I replied, I have had enough of the Irish Channel."

BIOGRAPHY ILLUSTRATED. The venerable Wm. Jay, in one of his sermons at Surrey Chapel, a few years since, illustrated his views of biography among different branches of the "household of faith," by the following anecdote:

Some time ago, a countryman said to me, "I was exceedingly terrified, sir, this morning; I was going down to lonely place, and I thought I saw at a distance a huge monster; it seemed in motion, but I could not discern the form of it. I did not like to turn back, yet my heart beat; and the more I looked, the more I feared; but as we approached each other, I saw it was only a man; and who do you think, sir, it was?"

"Oh, it was my brother John."

"Ah!" said I to myself, passing away from him, as he added it was early in the morning and very foggy—"ah!" said I, "how often, in a lonely place and in a foggy atmosphere, has brother John been taken for a foe! Only approach nearer each other, and see clearer, and you will find, in numberless instances, what you have dreamed as a monster was a brother—and your own brother."

From the Louisville Literary Messenger.

THE FOREST MURDER.

A TALE OF INDIANA.

The incidents I am about to relate are not drawn from imagination, but fact. They form an act of the never ending drama of human villainy.

"This is indeed a wild night," said Charles Gray to his wife, as they sat before the blazing hearth of an Indian log cabin, whilst the winds whistled around the roof and went sounding through the forest.

"Wild! how I ever knew," observed his wife. "Charles how thankful we should be to our Maker that he has given us this warm fire and close cabin to protect us from the rude elements."

"Thankful," and Charles Gray assumed a sorrow which of itself spoke the demon in his heart. "Thankful, wife, you mock me. What is this cabin to the luxurious comfort of the town folks whom we used to see in New York, rolling through the streets in their cushioned carriages, or reclining on silk sofas and laughing at the ragged beggars that claimed their charity. Thankful!"

Mary did not reply. She feared him when in these moods, and was too judicious to irritate him even by words, though brought from a seraph's love, or syllabled by angel's lips, to one whose soul has become absorbed in the unsatisfied love of wealth.

Charles Gray was a native of New York, and had been left a handsome fortune—but prompted by avarice, and too impatient to continue in the safe business which he began, he joined others of an equally capricious disposition in speculation which at first proved promising, but entirely failed, and left many an ardent dreamer a ruined man.

Charles in this mad affair had embarked his all. He was left without house or friends, for friends are often found with golden chains alone. He determined, with his wife, to emigrate to Indiana, for whose fertile soil, broad streams, genial climate and noble forests so much was said.

With a bitter spirit he bade farewell to home, and with a small amount of money, raised by the sale of his wife's jewels, sought the almost untrodden wilds of the west. With a small amount of cash, he purchased a few acres of ground on the Ohio river, where the beautiful town of—

is now standing. For a short period he labored assiduously at his small farm, and cheered by the smiles of a lovely and devoted wife, seemed to forget his misfortune. A short time before our narrative opened, Charles visited Ohio on a visit to a flat boat, the only species of water-craft then used to convey goods and produce down the river. Whilst he was there he met several of those who had failed in the same speculation which had ruined himself. But whilst he remained poor, they by some means had revived their fortunes, and settled on the Ohio, where they were carrying on a brisk business. Charles returned home an altered man. For whole days he would sit idle and discontented. His sleep was disturbed by dreams of gold; in vain did the beautiful and uncomplaining wife endeavor to frighten the fiend from his bosom. It was like one solitary star trying to dissipate the darkness of the storm-tossed ocean.

Wildly he rolled the storm through the cracking woods, and Charles was still brooding over imaginary wrongs, when a "hallo!" was heard outside the little enclosure which surrounded the cabin.

Mary sprang to the door and after scrutinizing the traveler, for such the intruder was, by the river of a bark torch which she held over her head, invited him into her rustic home.

In a moment a gentleman of rather slight stature, bearing a portmanteau in his hand, entered and gave the usual salutation. Mary called for her husband to attend the traveler, but neither by word or gesture did he exhibit signs of having heard her, until the stranger's portmanteau touching the floor spoke to his sordid soul of gold.

The demon was aroused, but he wore a smiling face. "Welcome, stranger, welcome," exclaimed Gray in an hurried and strange manner that the traveler started back a few paces in surprise; but quickly recovering himself, exchanged salutations and seated himself on a rude chair, already placed for him at the fire.

Conversation soon commenced, nor was it interrupted until the night had advanced towards dawn. George Somers was also, he said, a native of New York, and from that neighborhood in which Charles Gray had lived. He informed Gray that he sold his property at the east, and emigrated to El Dorado to speculate in lands, having with him a large amount of money for that purpose.

At last they retired to rest. The traveler slept—Gray to brood over the wealth of his guest. What fearful thoughts passed through the brain of the wretch, that night. How often did his eye wander to the hunting knife. Once he was about leaving the bed, when a light motion of his wife in her slumber deterred him from his murderous intent. Who but the pencil of the demon could paint the fears—the hopes—the dark resolves of the wretched Gray, while the wearied guest slept but a few paces from him, in that peace which virtue and weariness alone can give.

The morning came and glowing from his ocean couch, across the sun, gilding the distant bluff and surrounding forests with colors drawn from the pallet of heaven. His beams shone down upon the cottage yet unstained with blood, and aroused the sleepers. Did the evil spirit slumber in Gray's bosom?

The simple breakfast was soon over, and Somers asked Gray to set him on the nearest way to M—. With the blandest courtesy the days when he stood a respectable merchant behind a city desk, he informed Somers that he would accompany him a part of the journey, and under pretence of killing some game, shouldered his rifle and led the way. For some time they walked together, whilst renewing boyhood remembrances—remembrances which called to mind many a spot hallowed by childhood sports and parental affection.

They had thus proceeded about three miles, and arriving among those beautiful hills on the Ohio, since rendered celebrated by a deed which has given a name to a small crystal stream which dashed over a precipice some hundred feet deep. A bird swept over their heads, and wheeling on its light wing lighted on a bough of a majestic oak—whence the name of many an ardent lover of nature. Gray asked the traveler to move on while he attempted to bring down his game. Somers complied, and unsuspecting left Gray behind.

A sharp fire crack ran through the woods and a shriek mingled with its echoes. The host was a murderer for money. Blood may be shed for revenge, and our sympathies may be excited for the assassin. But who can find a chord in his heart from which pity may draw a note of feeling from him, who with blood stained fingers holds the glittering coin before his eyes?

Gray soon disposed of the body by burying it over the precipice. As it went lumbering through the scrubbed and jagged rocks that lined the stream he perhaps felt remorse, but it was only for a moment. With eager hands he opened the portmanteau, and rolling out the shining coin upon the leaves, for some minutes he gazed over his wealth; for the country was almost uninhabited, and his demon spirit could rejoice over his riches undisturbed.

On returning home he deposited his ill-gotten

gold in the chest. His wife heard the ringing of the coin and her quick mind told her that Charles Gray, her husband, he to whom her heart had been given, was a murderer. She fainted. This wretch heeded her not, but gloomily seated himself before the fire. From the floor on which she had fallen, Mary rose an altered woman. The rose fled from her cheek and a grave in the forest marked her broken heart. Peace to her memory! She is gone where the blue streams are never crimsoned with blood—where the dagger never flashed over the head of the devoted wife.

Charles Gray became a rich man. His lands, broad and fertile, bore luxuriant harvests. His tall mansion rose among these old woods to shelter the murderer's head. Strange to tell he lived unmolested. No one cared for the emigrant in the country from which he came.

Years rolled on away. Villages arose on the ruins of the mighty forest. The steamer was heard with perpetual thunder and lightning ascending the Ohio; lovely residences, like gems, summoned up by the enchanter's wand from the earth's bosom, studded the banks of the silver river. The suspicious mind of Gray, for the wicked are always suspicious, rendered him fearful of discovery, as emigrants were crowding in the State, and entered the lands in the most frequent spots. The bones of Somers were still composed; if they were found by any man, through the bluffs, the dark affairs might be investigated and he meet with his just deserts. Sailing forth one evening, he sought the wild precipice and descended by the aid of ropes to the spot where laid his victim. The moon burned in the midnight with the lustre she only wears on a winter night when the snow reflects its brightness, and earth seemed to wear the pearly robes of angels. One by one the stars had appeared through the arch above, and around the hills that swept the river, for nature is still lovely, though for a few moments her beautiful form bear the record of crime there placed by man. A young gentleman named Wilson, who was returning from a visit to his "lady-love" passed by the precipice, and observing the ropes attached to the tree which stood by its path, endeavored to trace the spot where they ended. After a narrow search he found them hanging against the rock that formed the basis of a chain round which the waters swept their crystal current.

In a few moments the young man perceived the form of one whom he immediately recognized as Gray, by his tall muscular figure. He was gathering up some white substance in a bag. At last he seemed to have completed his task, and throwing the bag over his shoulder, attaching the strings to his neck and body he commenced the ascent. By grasping the rocks with his hands whenever they afforded a sufficient protruding surface—and planting his foot firmly in the fissures, Gray had succeeded in climbing half way up the chasm, when stopping to rest, the shaly rock crumbled under his feet. The murderer made a violent struggle to sustain his position, but losing his balance he plunged into the gulf.

One wild cry told that the wretch had gone to judgment. "Retribution!" had pealed from the throne of God, and the spirit of Gray stood before its Maker.

The Moral Character of Pigs.

Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether filth is best eaten off the ground, or from China plates, it seems to us, merely a matter of taste and convenience, about which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought, then, to be judged charitably. At any rate, pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor to poison their breath by drinking whiskey. As to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor picking their way up the muddy streets, in kid slippers. Pigs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire hole than his fellow, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of the earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. Their only question seems to be, is he still a hog? If he is, they treat him as such. And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections. They understand, full well, the common sense maxim, "every tub must stand upon its own bottom."

LABYRINTH IN THE PULPIT. Said Mr. C—, a Presbyterian minister of some notoriety, I never laughed in the pulpit only on one occasion, and that came over me procuring my dismissal from the ministry. About one of the first discourses I was called to deliver, subsequent to my ordination, after reading my text and opening my subject, my attention was directed to a young man with a very foolish dress, and a head of exorbitant red hair. In a slip immediately behind this young gentleman, sat an archer, who must have been urged on in his delivery by the evil one himself, for I do not conceive the younger thought of the jest he was playing off on the spruced dandy in front of him. The boy held his finger in the hair of the young man, about as long as a blacksmith would a nail-rod in the fire to heat, and then on his knee commenced pounding his finger in imitation of a smith making a nail. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I laughed, the only time that I ever disgraced the pulpit with anything like mirth.

MRS. PARTINGTON IN DISTRESS. "Now, girls," said our friend Mrs. Partington, to her nieces, the other day, "you must get husbands as soon as possible, or they'll all be murdered."

"Why so, aunt?" inquired one.

"Why, I see by the paper that we've got a most fifteen thousand post-offices, and nearly all on 'em dispatches a mail every day and are having mercy on us poor widows and orphans!" and the lady stepped briskly to the looking-glass to put on her new cap.

THE RUINS OF NINEVEH. Major Layard has just made at Nimrod, which is supposed to stand on the site of ancient Nineveh, some very curious discoveries. The workmen, while engaged in digging a ditch, found three copper kettles of gigantic dimensions, and several dishes and plates of coarse workmanship. Mr. Layard emptied with his own hands the dirt which filled one of the kettles, and found an immense quantity of ivory ornaments of different shapes, an axe, and several other curious objects.

PASTE THAT IS PASTE. Dissolve an ounce of alum in an ounce of warm water; when cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistency of cream, then strain into a jar as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistency, stirring all the time. It will keep for 12 months; and when dry, soften it with water.

Sabbath Reading.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY MRS. STANTFORD.

What is life?
A twisted yam—a tangled skein—
A mingled web of joy and pain—
A glowing sunset, warm and bright—
A laughing cloud more dark than night—
A leucostea flower of sweetest scent—
A mucky cave where poison's pent—
A golden cup with savor sweet—
A drunken boat where waves are met—
The lightest feather that can rise—
A heavy weight depressing sigh—
A lucid stream with rapid flow—
A stagnant pool where dark weeds grow—
A summer breeze that cools the air—
A hurricane that makes earth bare—
A gift enjoyed with grateful heart—
A bid with which we long to part—
And such is life!